

14TH WIS. VET. VOL. INFANTRY (GENERAL A. J.  
SMITH'S COMMAND) IN THE EXPEDITION & BATTLE OF TUPELO

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<sup>14th</sup>  
THE FOURTEENTH

Wisconsin Vet. Vol. Infantry

(General A. J. Smith's Command.)

IN THE

Expedition and Battle of Tupelo;



ALSO,

Wanderings Through the Wilds of Missouri and Arkansas in  
Pursuit of Price.

—BY—

W. H. TUCKER,

SERGEANT COMPANY "D," INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

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TUCKER, WILLIAM HOWARD.

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The Fourteenth Wisconsin vet. vol. infantry  
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Price. [Indianapolis, Ind., F.E. Engle & son,  
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Red river to Nashville.

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EXEL CARD

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WILLNETTA TUCKER.

From a photograph taken in the campaign of 1888, from Indiana to the  
White House.



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F. E. ENGLE & SON,  
16 NORTH DELAWARE STREET,  
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# THE FOURTEENTH WISCONSIN

FROM

RED RIVER TO NASHVILLE.

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*Comrades of the Fourteenth Wisconsin*

*Veteran Volunteers Association:*

Your Committee on Entertainment for the fifth annual reunion, to be held at Omro, Wisconsin, June 14th, 15th and 16th, detailed me for the special duty of preparing and reading, at this time, a paper on the expedition and battle of Tupelo. This I have extended to the pursuit of Price, through Arkansas and Missouri, and our journey to Nashville. You must understand that the preparation of such a paper on an event having taken place twenty-eight years ago, and no memoranda or data to which to refer, has been a tedious task. If you find I have made some mistakes in what I shall read, do not criticise, but each of you go home and write the case up to suit yourselves. I was then only twenty years of age, and but a soldier in the ranks, and thus my opportunities for observation were somewhat limited.

I think it was about June 3d, 1864, we landed at Memphis from the Great Red River Campaign, where we had been since early in March, with A. J. Smith's command. This consisted of old veteran regiments from the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps—men



who had seen service at Belmont, Springfield, Pea Ridge, Henry, Donaldson, Shiloh, Iuka, Corinth, Coldwater, Hatchie, Chicasaw, Port Gibson, Raymond, Champion Hill, Big Black, Vicksburg, Fort DeRussa, Pleasant Hill Landing, Cormargo Cross Roads, Clouterville, Cane River, Marksville, and Yellow Bayou.

We went into camp to the south-east of Memphis on the outskirts of the city, in a nice grove of timber. Our regiment was, at this time, about three hundred and fifty strong. Half of this number were recruits who joined us when at home on our veteran furlough. From then until the last of June our time was occupied in doing picket and such other duties as usually falls to the soldier's camp life.

While here we were called out about the middle of June, to witness the execution of three soldiers, cavalry men from New Jersey and Pennsylvania regiments, who had been adjudged guilty of violating some general orders. Whether the sentence was just or not, we could not tell, but the general impression held was that the execution was wrong. With other troops amounting to from four to six thousand, we formed three sides of a square, Fort Pickering, just south of the city on a high bluff overlooking the Mississippi River, formed the fourth side. We were arranged in two lines facing inward. The condemned soldiers with their hands tied behind them, accompanied by priests, marched behind their respective coffins. They were preceded by a band of music, playing the death march. They passed through the lines, around the square, in solemn review, between the troops. Then







CAMP SCENE.



they were taken to the center of the square with their backs to the fort, and were blindfolded, after which a signal was given, by the dropping of a handkerchief. Each sitting on his coffin was shot dead by a detachment of the Eighth Iowa Infantry. Thus ended this sad scene, and the only one ever witnessed by the Fourteenth Wisconsin during our term of service.

General Washburn, one of the great failures of the war, was in command of the department at Memphis. However the rebel General Forrest held him strictly to his headquarters. Upon our arrival at Memphis a few of Smith's veteran regiments were detailed to accompany that poor excuse of a General, Sturgis, to go out and engage Forrest and prevent him with his command from going to annoy Sherman, who was at this time advancing on Atlanta. Fortunately the Fourteenth escaped this fatal expedition, for which we were ever indebted to Colonel Ward, who was then commanding our brigade, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Polleys, who was in command of the regiment.

The battle took place one hundred and thirty miles from Memphis, at Bryce's Cross Roads, near Gun Town, Mississippi, June 10th. Sturgis was badly defeated, losing his train consisting of fourteen pieces of artillery, two hundred and fifty wagons, well loaded with ammunition and ten day's rations. His loss in killed and wounded was twenty-three officers and five hundred and ninety-four men; captured and missing, fifty-two officers and one thousand five hundred and seventy-one men; making a total loss of two thousand two hundred and forty. The reports show





that Sturgis, together with Grierson's cavalry division, numbered not less than eight or nine thousand, while Forrest did not have at the time to exceed four thousand. Sturgis put his men into battle and had them defeated by detail. No censure could be too great for him and Washburn. One redeeming feature to this, the only defeat to our arms in the south-west from Camp Jackson to Mobile, is the fact that Sturgis was an importation from the east and a West Pointer. Washburn, who was in command of the District, should be in a great part held, individually responsible for this defeat. It is necessary to refer to the complete destruction of this expedition, in order to show our surroundings at the time we started out from Memphis under Smith. Our aim being to engage and whip Forrest, should he give battle, and to destroy the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

June 27th, we start on what is known as the Tupelo expedition, taking no camp equipage. The wreck of Sturgis's army had now returned from the Gun Town disaster. We marched to LaGrange, Tennessee, where Smith was to unite his command with Grierson's cavalry. The two combined would amount to eleven or twelve thousand, including twenty pieces of artillery.

Smith was to move south from LaGrange, to find Forrest and give him battle. On our route out from Memphis, we frequently saw indications of Sturgis's wrecked army strewn along the roadway. We were now marching over the same route the Fourteenth had traveled in the late fall of 1862. At that time we were on our way to Memphis from the Central



Mississippi campaign, en route to Vicksburg via Memphis and the Mississippi River.

On our march to LaGrange we passed through the little towns of Colliersville, Moscow and other points familiar to the old veterans of the regiment. Many of the Fourteenth boys renewed their acquaintance formed on our previous trips through this country. Here, it will be proper to say, that the boys of the Fourteenth were noted for their adaptability for forming acquaintance with the natives. They never passed through a country without becoming familiar with every sweet potato patch, every chicken roost, and every smoke house for miles around, which naturally brought the boys in close contact with the natives.

This march was a hard one, dry, dusty and hot. The night we reached LaGrange, fifty-five miles east of Memphis, not one-fourth of the regiment stacked arms. The boys had fallen out along the route, but all came in during the night. We went into camp on a high ridge about three-fourths of a mile from a small stream of water. This was July the 2d, I believe. The next day or two we enjoyed ourselves, cleaning up and preparing for the future campaign.

On the morning of July 5th, having celebrated the Fourth, we moved south, with Grierson's division of cavalry. General J. A. Mower and Colonel David Moore, old veteran fighters, commanded the two divisions of infantry and artillery and Colonel Edward Bouton, a brigade of colored troops. In all there were about twelve thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery. We pushed on day after day with Forrest



hovering on our front and flanks. Forrest's command was composed of mounted infantry and numbered twelve or fourteen thousand. Grierson, with the cavalry, was in the advance and protected our flanks. They had frequent skirmishes each day.

On the 11th the cavalry had a heavy skirmish. The infantry did not get into action. Forrest was driven back and through the village of Pontotoc, Mississippi. Our regiment went into camp that evening, the 11th, on the south side of Pontotoc. We had now reached a point within striking distance of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

Early on the morning of the 13th we moved out of Pontotoc eastward, aiming to strike the railroad at Tupelo, nineteen miles distance. Thereby flanking Forrest, who was then with his army in a good fighting position some nine or ten miles to the south awaiting Smith. Forrest discovered this move and started to intercept us before we could reach the railroad, which he did some five miles from Tupelo. He made an attack upon Mower's division a part of which was in the rear and guarding the wagon train. Our brigade was along side of the train guarding the same, which was well loaded with ammunition, but at this time with very little to eat. After continuing the march for a few miles eastward, we passed a small open field on our right, while on our left was heavy timber. Passing the field the road was then through a belt of timber on either side. The country here was slightly rolling. A part of the regiment had passed the open field. A quarter of a mile in advance, a wagon road branched off to the right, towards the



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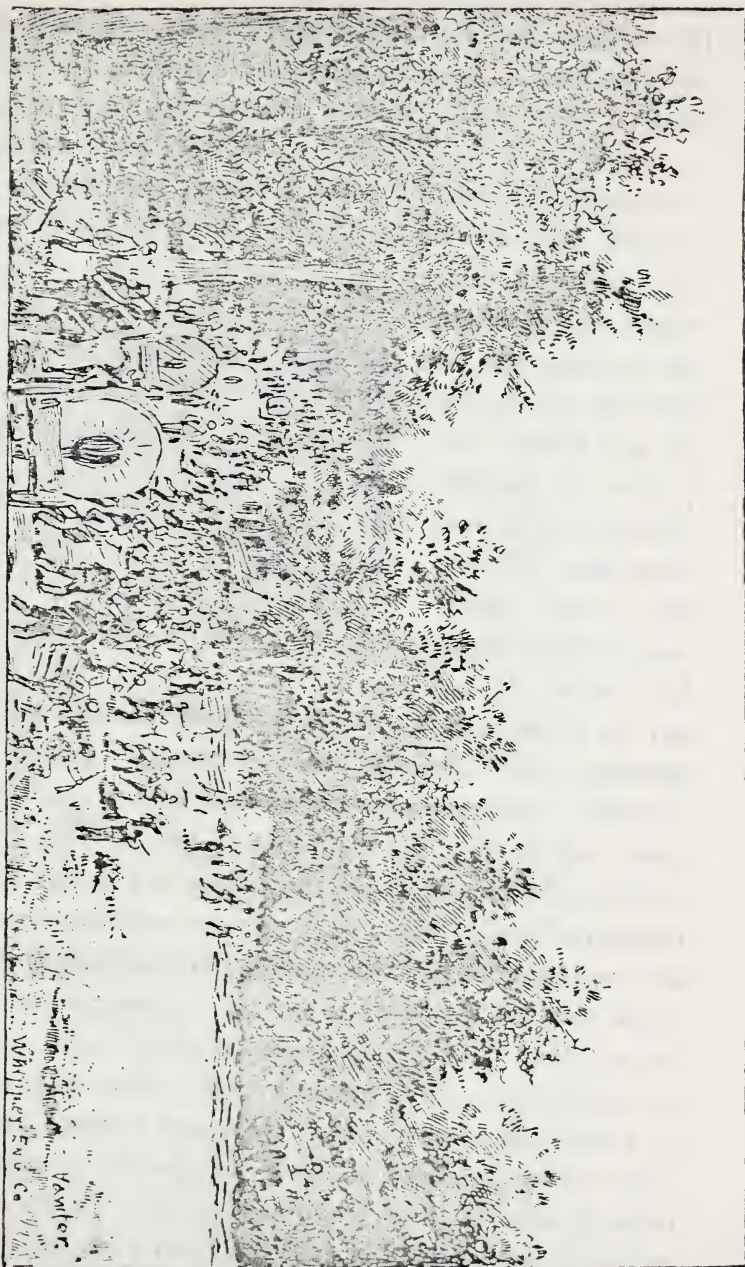
village of Tupelo. On this road Forrest had sent a division of cavalry to cut off our train from the main army, which was in the advance. He had also formed a line on our right, parallel to the road on which we were marching, and not more than two or three hundred feet from us. The underbrush was thick which gave then good cover from our view. All at once, bang, bang, whiz, whiz came the minnie balls thick and fast. Every mule was on his ear, but no stampede. We were penned in, rebs to the front, rebs on the right, and in the rear, and heavy timber on the left, nothing now but fight, and fight it was. We could only see a very short distance on account of the timber and underbrush, but from their firing we located their line pretty well. They had us at a great disadvantage, and after a brave and determined stand, by general consent we made a charge, driving them with considerable loss.

At the edge of the field, by the rail fence, a rebel battle flag was captured. Either Captain Kennealy or Captain Mansfield took the flag. It matters but little which grasped it first; both were at the extreme front, and each is entitled to the trophy. We fired about sixteen rounds each. Our loss was slight, as they fired over us. I have often thought it was a wonder we were not all killed or taken prisoners. We saved the train and drove them back. I think at this time a thermometer would have registered 130 in the shade. From the dust and powder smoke we could have passed for a gang of contrabands. Reinforcements were sent back, but we had saved the train, and the colored brigade in the rear were well protect-





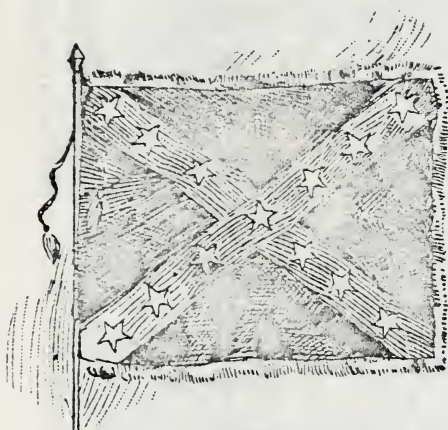
FOREST'S ATTACK ON SMITH'S TRAIN AND REPULSE BY THE 14TH WTS., JULY 13TH, 1864.





ing that end of the line. We got the wagons all shaped up and moved on our journey. About dark we encamped at Harrisburg, a small hamlet but a short distance from Tupelo.

Smith had chosen a good position and placed his army in line of battle. The road we were marching on



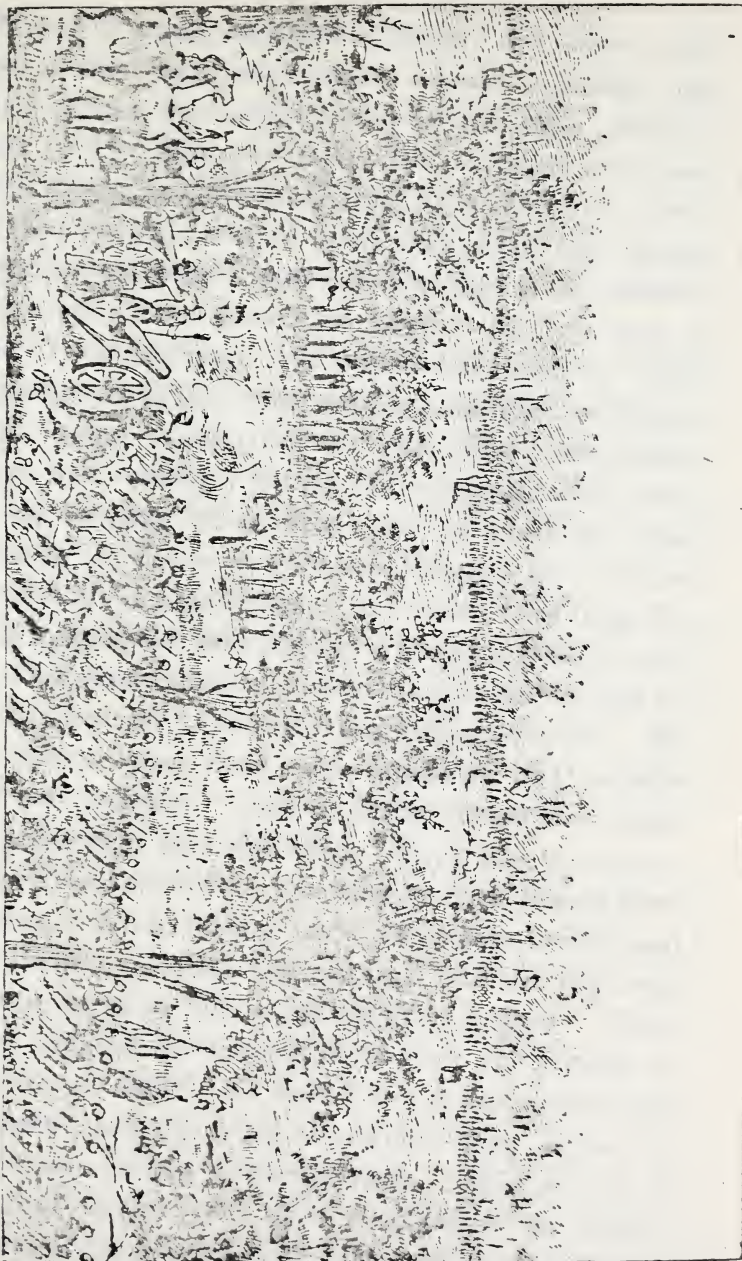
REBBEL BATTLE FLAG.

(the Pontotoc) led through the center of the position selected for the battle, should one be offered. It was a long ridge sparsely covered with scattering trees, and faced a large opening of cotton and corn fields; on the other side was heavy timber. This opening was from a half mile to a mile wide. Moore's division was placed on the left of the road, facing the country over which we had traveled. Mower's division on the right, and the Fourteenth taking a position in the line a little to the right of the road, facing south. Here we remained for the night with a strong picket line out, something quite necessary at that time. Next morning, July 14th, about six o'clock, Forrest made his fierce attack, the brunt of the attack falling on Moore's division, to our left. But with all of his desperation, and his men flushed with pride over the Gun Town victory, he failed to have any effect in breaking Moore's lines. For-





BATTLE OF TUPELO, JULY 14TH 1864, FOURTEENTH WAITING FOR FORREST'S ADVANCE.





rest's men made repeated charges, but were each time driven back with heavy losses. During the interruptions the artillery from both sides made it quite lively. For two hours the struggle continued until Moore had driven Forrest from his front, leaving the ground covered with their dead and dying. Forrest then moved back into the edge of the timber, and in plain view moved his lines to the left over in front of our position. We watched their move, which at times seemed that they were in a confused condition. After having manœuvred for some time to our admiration, and wonder whether they contemplated crossing the opening in our front, they in good line came sweeping down on our division through the corn and cotton fields in grand shape. Our lines were lying flat on the ground and breathlessly waited for them to come up. Our skirmishers were hurriedly driven in, and we held our fire until Forrest's men were quite near. We then opened upon them with musketry and canister from our artillery. Human beings could not stand such a storm of shot and shell. Their line wavered a moment, then fell back; we charged them, taking some prisoners. After falling back they again formed and made further assaults, but nothing like the first, our line from right to left repelling every attack. When Mower ordered his division to advance and charge, it was a grand sight. At last Forrest was driven into the woods, and his men all having their horses at hand, it was useless to pursue them. They left all of their dead and most of their wounded in our hands. The rest of the afternoon was occupied in bringing in and caring for the wounded of both armies. Smith's loss





was about eight hundred killed and wounded. Forrest's loss was, according to his official report, one hundred and fifty-three killed, eight hundred wounded and two hundred missing. He is mistaken, for the best estimate made at the time was that we buried three hundred of his men. During this time Grierson with his cavalry was cutting and destroying the railroad.

At nine o'clock that night Forrest rallied his men and made an attack on our colored brigade, on our extreme left, but finding the colored troops supported by a line of Smith's veterans, he was soon driven back. Smith had now completely whipped Forrest, and with the railroad destroyed, there appeared nothing more to do, so Smith decided to return to Memphis.

That night the boys lay down pretty well tired out. Forrest showed up in the morning again on the left of our line and made another effort to fight the colored troops, but Smith was at hand, and in person led them in a charge, driving Forrest from the field; which ended the battle of Tupelo.

We then moved back north five miles and went into camp, after crossing Old Town Creek. We were just about to settle down to rest when the shells began to fly over and around us. Forrest having come up and planted a section of a battery on the south side of the creek that we had crossed, giving us a parting salute. Colonel Ward turned back with our brigade, and as the Fourteenth crossed the creek, filed off to the right in the timber skirting the creek. In our front was an open field. Across this, up a raise of ground, we charged. The rebs then were on the



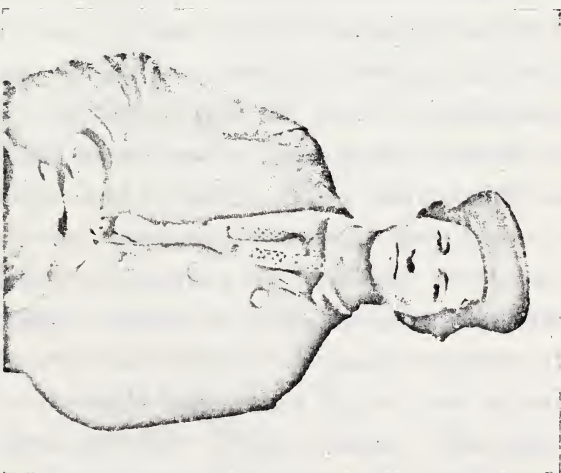
opposite side of the field. We drove them readily, and this was the last. But of all the hard charges we ever made was crossing that small field. The heat was so intense that it seemed that every man would fall before we reached the opposite side. This was just before sundown. We then re-crossed the creek and went into camp. On the following morning, we started and made our way, by easy marches, back to Memphis. Our supplies having now been exhausted, we lived on blackberries and such supplies as we could gather from the country. We reached Memphis July 25th, ragged, tired and hungry. We had marched since leaving Memphis, on June 27th, over three hundred miles, through a country suffering from a severe drouth. Water was at that time hard to find. The country over which we had traveled had been marched and counter marched over, several times by both the rebel and federal armies. Though a well settled and well cultivated country, at this time but little was left in the shape of supplies. There were two things in great demand with Smith's veterans: one was a chance to fight, the other an opportunity to get supplies. We were all glad to return again to our camp, for a good rest, which we so much needed after a hard, but victorious campaign.

Smith was soon ordered with his command to Arkansas, where the rebel General Price was organizing an army on the borders of Texas to invade Missouri, and to go as far north as possible. St. Louis was his objective point, and it was also his intention to hold our western forces from going to join Sherman.





From an ambrotype taken at Pond du Lac,  
December, 1861.



From an ambrotype taken at Lake Providence,  
March, 1863.

WILLIAM H. TUCKER.





About the last of August we embarked on transports, went down the Mississippi and up White River to St. Charles, Arkansas. Here we remained for a few days, fortifying the place with a strong line of entrenchments. While we were at St. Charles news came that Forrest had made a dash into Memphis at an early hour one morning. He called on General Washburn, but he, in his night dress, found a hiding place in a chimney corner. This was the last we ever heard from Washburn. We then went farther up the river to Duvals Bluff, thence by rail to Brownsville, thirty-five miles, and twenty-five miles from Little Rock. Here we remained, waiting for Price to make his move to the north. Smith's command was the same as on the Tupelo expedition, less Grierson's cavalry.

We now go into camp in old soldier style, a mile north of the railroad. At this time the health of the regiment was good. The recruits, who had joined us when at home on our veteran furlough, had become old veterans. Our camp equipage now, as in the past few months, was limited and not at all cumbersome. We located in a nice grove of timber and erected our tents in all shapes and varieties. They were mostly composed of what was commonly known as pup tents, made of two pieces of canvass or blankets stretched over a pole, which rested on two upright supports. "No dressing room attached." Usually in going into new quarters it would take but a day or two to build bake ovens and get into living shape. The boys of the Fourteenth never stopped to consider the length of time we were to remain in one locality, as that was at all times quite uncertain. We generally took our chances,



let it be for one day or for more, our motto was to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and pass away the weary hours in camp as pleasantly as we could, reading, playing various kinds of games, telling stories, and anxiously waiting for the mail to come from home.

Soldiers were at all times anxious to receive a letter. Some were never disappointed and how quick they would brighten up when the Orderly Sergeant, who was Company Post Master, came with the mail from the Chaplain's quarters, and cried out the names of those who were fortunate enough to receive a letter. The Chaplain was regimental Post Master, (our old Chaplain, Father Engle, as we called him, still lives at the age of eighty-four years). How sad those would look, who looked in vain for a letter and none came. It was indeed a disappointment to them and many a tear would come to the eye of those weather-beaten and battle-scarred veterans, when they turned away, no news from the loved ones at home. I was among the fortunate and whenever the mail reached us, I could at all times rely upon receiving a good long letter from my mother. Love and kind words to her soldier boy were a blessing to those who had left the dear wife at home and let her all go to stand by the flag, and fight his country's battles. She made a sacrifice more than all the rest, and oh, how anxiously were letters looked for from that dear one, none will ever know except those who looked for them.

Our time in camp was passed in various ways at this stage of the war. The companies were usually, by consent, divided into squads and put their rations



together, cooking to suit themselves. These squads generally consisted of from two to six. Frequently, on the least provocation, these groups or squads would break up in little family rows and form again. Generally they would, like the Irishman at Donnebrook's fair after a big fight, kiss and make it up again. Some companies would all mess together and have a regular cook. Sometimes one of the members of the company would be detailed for this duty. Often a colored individual would be pressed into service.



During camp life we were frequently detailed for some special duty, such as picket, fatigue or foraging. The word foraging, as you all understand, means going beyond the picket lines into the enemy's country and gathering supplies, such as sweet potatoes, corn, chickens, pigs, cattle and old meats, such as hams, bacon and shoulders. Occasionally the boys would find tobacco. Of course we would take any thing we could make use of. Sometimes on our trips we would

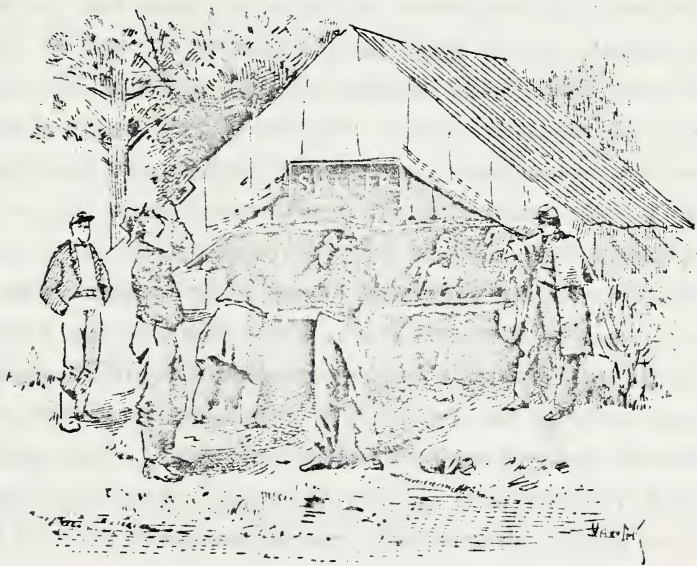






come back well loaded, and at other times without any supplies, and glad to get back to camp.

While at Brownsville the long-looked-for paymaster came. Several months were due and now the boys were all well supplied with money. Sutlers never failed to follow the army paymasters, and at this time they were quite plenty, and at double prices supplied us with all kinds of delicacies. For a few days we



lived well, though, to the credit of the volunteer soldiers it can be said, they sent home the greater part of their money.

Aside from cooking our rations and regular duty, the time was usually passed, after the paymaster's visit, in exchanging money, which was done in the following manner: Some of the more enterprising of the comrades would take a rubber blanket and mark with chalk or pencil on the same, the figures from one to



six. These comrades were commonly called bankers. They would then spread the blanket on the ground and with a box and three little square blocks with the corresponding numbers from one to six on each, give them a shake. The boys would crowd around and put their money on selected numbers on the rubber. The banker would then shake out the little square blocks, called dice, should any number show up upon which money had been placed on the corresponding number on the rubber, it would win and the banker would pay over the amount. If the number did not show up, then the banker raked in the pile. This was called chuck-er-luck and was an uncertain game. Sometimes you would win, but more times lose. Such a game was a trifle one-sided and in favor of the banker, but usually he would venture to be one of the boys, and put his money down on some other fellows rubber and then he would bust. This amusement was not called gambling, it was exchanging money. Many of our officers passed away their time amusing themselves playing that old-fashioned game, known as poker. It is generally known in modern times among our fashionable circles as progressive eucher. Occasionally the boys would get hold of an officer, and, without much persuasion, get him to take an interest in this little game. He would of course soon get fleeced out of his last penny, and then, until the next pay day came, the boys would help the poor victim, which they were ever ready to do. They never refused to stand by them as they were a good lot of fellows, in camp as well as on march, though they sometimes got among a bad lot of boys, who usually had a loaded set of dice awaiting



their coming. Gambling in the army was common. However, after the war was over, you would seldom ever hear of an old soldier as a gambler. It was there a past-time, though against all rules and orders of the army. Still it did exist and without any very bad results. Our volunteer army was the most intelligent army ever marshaled in the history of the world. When disbanded we went to our homes, and history shows we have, as a rule, ever been among our best citizens of this great and prosperous country, made so by our loyalty and patriotism to the old flag, that now and we trust will ever proudly float over a prosperous free, and united country.

After a few days preparing for an unknown campaign, we are again, September 17th, on the march.

Price avoided this route, going northward a few miles west of our position. As soon as Price started Smith commenced his campaign in pursuit. The rebel army was mounted, and estimated at twenty or twenty-five thousand, more than twice our numbers. Had he offered battle, Smith with his veterans, would have destroyed his army. Our command was in the very best of fighting condition. Price's army was composed of a few veteran regiments, and a lot of conscripts, and not well organized. We had no fears of the results of a pitched battle had Price favored us. He evidently did not want to chance a battle with Smith. We were soon on his trail, and though mounted as he was, we compelled him to make quick time. We marched for nineteen days over and through a wild, rough and rugged country, crossing over the mountains of Arkansas, fording White River, bridging







FOURTEENTH WISCONSIN FORDING WHITE RIVER, ARKANSAS, SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.





the Little Red, and corduroying through the almost impassable St. Francis River swamps. During the last ten days we had nothing to eat except what corn and pumpkins we could gather from a poor and sparsely settled country where the natives did not know whether they lived in Green county or the State of Arkansas, and where a common Tennessee refugee would have been fit for a king. They lived through the summer months on paw-paws, berries and persimmons, and in the winter on 'possum and corn dodgers. They were the most shiftless class of people we had ever found in all our travels.

After each day's march we would go into camp. The first thing would be details for picket duty, and to those who would be called out after a hard day's march, it was anything but pleasant. Sometimes we would get into camp early, sometimes way in the night. After stacking arms some of the boys would load up with canteens and go in pursuit of water, others would gather wood, and soon we would be cooking what little we might have to eat. Some would be so exhausted and tired out that they would fall asleep; rest was more needed than something to eat.

After several days of hard marching, Smith finding it impossible to overtake Price, though at times less than one day's march behind him, made a forced march to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, on the Mississippi River. Arriving on the 6th of October, having marched nearly four hundred miles. Tired, foot-sore, ragged and hungry, here we struck the cracker line and were once more happy. The next day we





embarked on board transports, and with all speed hurried up the Mississippi River to St. Louis. Price, learning that we had taken transports and had gotten ahead of him in the race, did not make any attempt to go into St. Louis, but passed around west of the city and pulled out for Jefferson City, the capital of the State.

At no time in the history of St. Louis were visitors more welcomed, before or since, than Smith's veterans, commonly known as Smith's Guerrillas. Upon our reaching St. Louis all was excitement. Price was but a few miles away. General Rosecrans was in command of the department, but for some reason the people did not have much faith in his protection. His forces consisted of hurriedly gathered together militia and a few new regiments that had been sent him from adjoining States. The timely arrival of Smith was their salvation. Had Smith failed and not made the forced marches that he did Price would have taken St. Louis and ransacked the city. The citizens would have been obliged to respond quickly to a levy which his troops would have made, and unless they had, no doubt but that his troops would have destroyed St. Louis. Smith, in a conversation, told me, a few years afterwards, that upon our arrival he went to Rosecrans and offered to take his own command and go out and force Price to give battle. At this time Price was so situated that he would have been obliged to fight. Rosecrans asked him what he would do with his small command, not half as large as Price's army, if he should get whipped. In Smith's language, he replied that he would and could whip





h—1 out of Price, and should not make any arrangements for coming back or for a defeat, if in the event he should be compelled to come back he would reach St. Louis in time to keep Price out. Smith was not permitted to go, and a part of his command was immediately loaded on transports, October 10th, and hurried off to Jefferson City, arriving on the 14th or 16th, in time to save the city. Price went on his way north by passing around the city, having learned of our near approach. Smith remained at St. Louis with a part of his command until our return from northern Missouri.

From here we started out tramping again without rest. As Price passed through the country he took all the stock and kept his men remounted with fresh horses and mules. We could not overtake him in the pursuit. On our route we passed through Sedalia, California, Otterville and other small places, and continued the pursuit as far as Warrensburg, some thirty miles west and south of Kansas City. Here Price gave up his trip to the north and turned back to the southwest. What little cavalry we had followed him, and had several lively skirmishes. Had we have had Grierson's cavalry we would have soon made short work of that long and tedious campaign.

We remained at Warrensburg two or three days for a little needed rest, then returned to Jefferson City, arriving there November 5th or 6th.

On the 7th we held an election, exercising the right Wisconsin gave her soldiers in the field, we cast our votes for either Lincoln or McClellan. This was a cold rainy day.



GATHERING SUPPLIES WHILE ON THE MARCH.







The next day we were off for St. Louis, stopping at Herman, on the Missouri River, long enough for the boys to shake the town up. They fond every wine cellar and inspected a lot of sanitary supplies, for which several of the boys were rather too severely punished.

The next morning, the Fourteenth was ordered on dress parade and several non-commissioned officers were reduced to the ranks at the time. I was a young Corporal, and if I remember rightly, was one among those reduced. Soon after at Nashville I was made a big Sergeant, so that was good evidence that I did not do anything at Herman.

From here we went to St. Louis and were quartered for a few days at the old barracks at the Fair Grounds. Some changes had taken place since we camped here, in our big Sibly tents early in 1862, for a few days, when on our way south. During our stay here we were treated nicely by our officers and were permitted to go into the city as often as we desired. If they did not permit us, we went all the same. Here let me say that the Fourteenth Wisconsin never had any reason to complain about its officers. We even soon learned to love Old Paducah, who was at one time our Adjutant.

November 25th, we marched to the landing and embarked on transports. The 25th was national turkey day, no turkey for us, but on the levee we confiscated a lot of George Washington pies. The peddlers were Italians and it was all right.

Smith's command, now all on board, went down the Mississippi, up the Ohio and Cumberland Rivers, passing Cape Girardeau, Cairo and Paducah, bound for





Nashville, a cold cheerless ride. To be packed away on over-crowded transports at that season of the year was far from being comfortably quartered. The most of our regiment were located on the hurricane deck, with no opportunity to cook our rations, and barely a chance to make a little coffee, and that from river water as thick as mush. This trip was a tough one. We were obliged to wrap our blankets closely around us, and then failed to keep warm, no covering save the heavens above, and sleeting and snowing most of the time. During our long service, at no time were we more exposed to the elements, and without any possible opportunity to help our condition. Marching over rough, dusty and dry roads, wading streams or corduroying through swamps, in heat and storm was a picnic when compared with this mode of traveling. We were pretty badly wrecked when we finally landed at Nashville. A few of our officers had the best of us when on a transport, as they usually occupied the cabin. On land we generally made ourselves as comfortable as they, but on this trip however they were not feasting on luxuries, for the cabin was not in the best of trim, and at this stage of the war steamboatmen showed very little respect for army officers. It had become an old case with them. Private soldiers and officers were classed alike, except that the former were favored with the inside of the cabin and the latter the outside, which made quite a difference in cold, stormy weather. I presume you have long since forgotten our sufferings on this journey to Nashville. This was no moonlight picnic excursion, such as I hope you have often enjoyed since and will many years yet



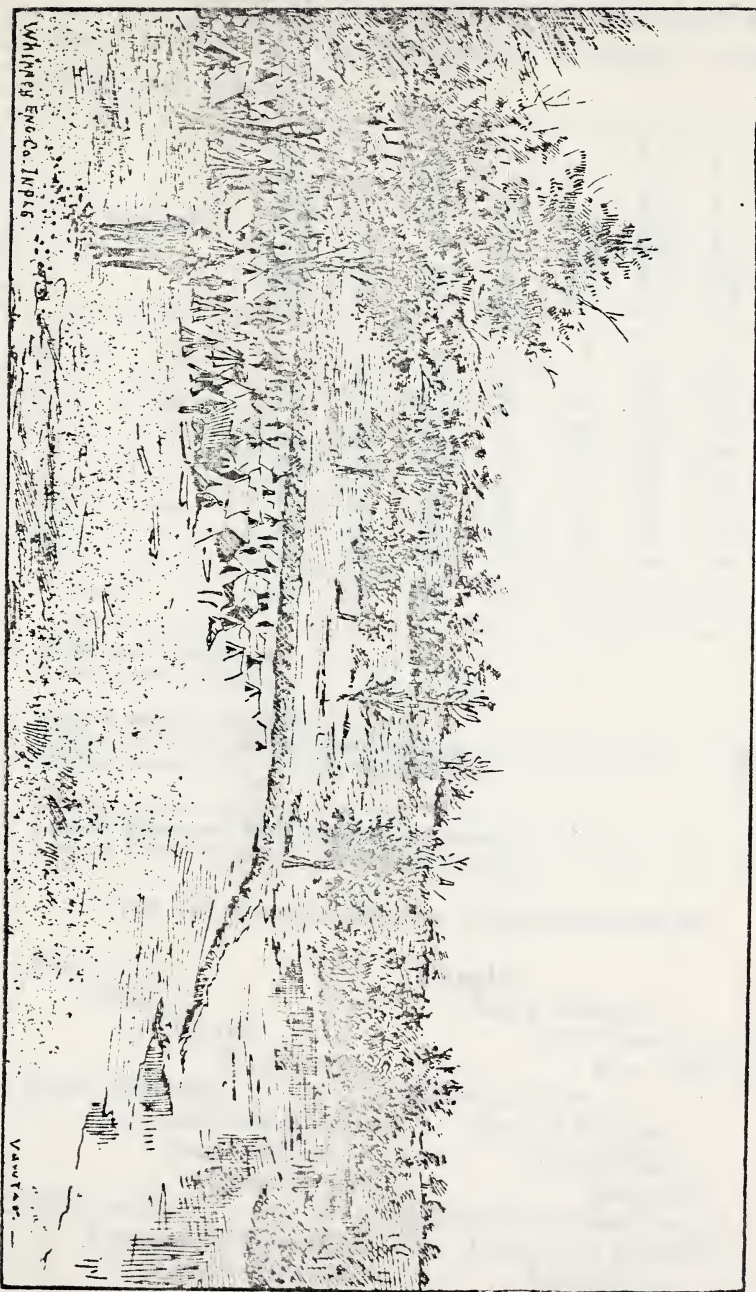
to come. When you think of your sufferings for your country, do not forget your six days' ride from St. Louis to Nashville. We arrived there December 1st, and met our long-wandering comrades, Worden's battalion, which had not been with us since we returned from our veteran furlough, and who had just arrived from Atlanta with Thomas's army. It seemed that Sherman could not venture on his campaign to Atlanta without the Fourteenth Wisconsin, and as he could not secure all the regiment, secured enough to take Atlanta. The two wings of the regiment were now together once more, except Company E. This company continued with Sherman to the Sea and through the Carolinas, finally taking part in the grand parade of our victorious armies at Washington, after which the company was sent to the regiment, and joined us at Montgomery. Each told their big war stories. Worden's men may have been in greater battles, but Colonel Ward's crowd discounted them on the march and some to spare. However Company E still maintains that they done the most marching and put down the rebellion.

We are now entering the defense and battle of Nashville, in which the Fourteenth took an active part, and at our next re-union let us have a paper on the Fourteenth Wisconsin from December 1st to October 9th, from Nashville to Mobile, of the part taken by the regiment that has inscribed upon its banners, "Battles fought from one end of the Confederacy to the other."

In the accompanying illustration I leave the regiment on the extreme right and on the advance line, building a line of earthworks for the defense of Nashville, Hood then in our immediate front.







WHITNEY ENG. CO. IMPLS.

VANDERBILT

THE FOURTEENTH WISCONSIN ON THE RIGHT OF THE ADVANCE LINE IN THE BATTLE  
OF NASHVILLE, DECEMBER, 1864.





## STATISTICS.

The following was compiled from the official company records of the Fourteenth Wisconsin Veteran Volunteer Infantry :

| Company.   | Killed and Died of wounds. | Wounded. | Died of disease. | Total deaths. | Discharged by wounds. | Discharged from disability. | Original enlistments. | Total loss. |
|------------|----------------------------|----------|------------------|---------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------|-------------|
| A .....    | 8                          | 16       | 18               | 26            | 3                     | 27                          | 106                   | 68          |
| B .....    | 14                         | 21       | 23               | 37            | 3                     | 29                          | 103                   | 82          |
| C .....    | 13                         | 33       | 15               | 28            | 14                    | 33                          | 101                   | 84          |
| D.....     | 9                          | 17       | 16               | 25            | 11                    | 22                          | 97                    | 63          |
| E.....     | 10                         | 26       | 11               | 21            | 3                     | 23                          | 104                   | 66          |
| F.....     | 13                         | 33       | 17               | 30            | 11                    | 18                          | 95                    | 77          |
| G.....     | 12                         | 13       | 21               | 33            | 7                     | 31                          | 96                    | 74          |
| H.....     | 7                          | 20       | 33               | 40            | 7                     | 27                          | 107                   | 86          |
| I.....     | 11                         | 23       | 24               | 35            | 7                     | 22                          | 90                    | 73          |
| K.....     | 14                         | 31       | 19               | 33            | 5                     | 24                          | 98                    | 78          |
| Total..... | 111                        | 233      | 197              | 308           | 71                    | 256                         | 997                   | 751         |

Total loss of regiment.....751  
 Total loss of recruits.....123

Loss of original regiment.....628  
 Number of original regiment mustered out October, 1865.....369  
 Of this number, 117 received wounds.....117

Leaving without injury.....252  
 Loss of Field and Staff Officers, by death.....3  
 Loss of Field and Staff Officers, by disability.....4

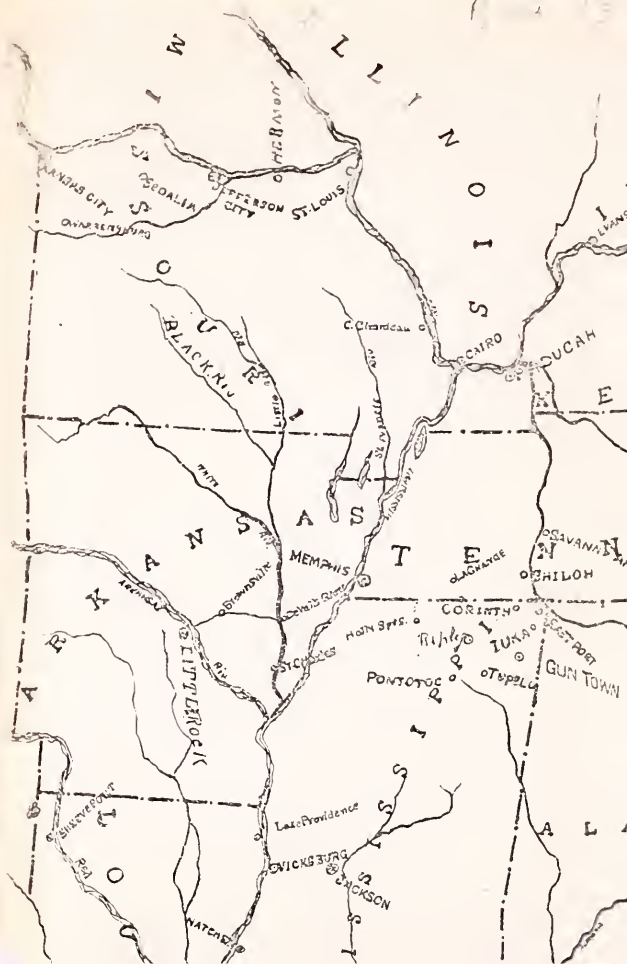
### LIST OF ENGAGEMENTS PARTICIPATED IN.

|                        |                      |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| Shiloh.                | Tupelo.              |
| Iuka.                  | Ezra Chapel.         |
| Corinth.               | Old Town Creek.      |
| Vicksburg.             | Fort Blakely.        |
| Fort DeRussy.          | Spanish Fort.        |
| Pleasant Hill Landing. | Rivers Bridge.       |
| Clouterville.          | Nashville.           |
| Cane River.            | Augusta.             |
| Marksville.            | Camargo Cross Roads. |
| Kennesaw Mountain.     | Lovejoy's Station.   |
| Yellow Bayou.          | Jonesboro.           |
| Ackworth.              | Atlanta.             |













THE FOURTEENTH  
Wisconsin Vet. Vol. Infantry,

October 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th, 1862,

*AT THE*

BATTLE OF CORINTH.

---

—BY—

SERGEANT W. H. TUCKER,

Company D.

---

Read at Regimental Re-union, Fond du Lac, Wis.,  
June 13th, 14th and 15th,  
1893.



# The Indianapolis Convention of 1893

INDIANAPOLIS:  
F. E. ENGLE & SON, PRINTERS AND BINDERS,  
16 NORTH DELAWARE STREET,  
1893.



## THE FOURTEENTH WISCONSIN AT CORINTH.

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September, 1862, finds the Fourteenth Wisconsin in camp two miles southwest of Corinth in a nice belt of timber, pleasantly located, after having done fatigue and all kinds of duty at Pittsburg Landing and Hamburg, on the Tennessee River, since the battle of Shiloh, in which the Fourteenth, in its charge on the New Orleans battery, covered itself all over with glory and established the fact that ours was a fighting regiment, and no better ever went into line of battle.

During the month of September we had taken an active part in the Iuka campaign, the battle of Iuka having been fought on September 19th, and are sent out on several expeditions to secure what forage we might find, and to watch the enemy if any should have designs on Corinth. When in camp our time was passed in doing camp and picket duty. Our regiment was now reduced to three hundred and fifty men. Up to this time our loss from killed, wounded, died of disease and discharged from disability had been frightful. Early in the previous March we left old Camp Wood, here at Fond du Lac, and bid adieu to dear ones and home, and faced southwards





with nine hundred and ninety-seven men, nearly all beardless boys, going to fight the battles of our country and to follow the old flag to victory.

October 1st, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the long roll is sounded and all is astir in camp, and with sixty rounds of ammunition and three days rations we are hurried off on a forced march to the northwest, taking the Chewalla wagon road, in the direction of Chewalla, a small station twelve miles distant on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, under the command of Colonel J. M. Oliver of the Fifteenth Michigan. Our brigade consisted of the Fourteenth Wisconsin, Fifteenth Michigan, Eighteenth Wisconsin, four companies of the Eighteenth Missouri, one company of Illinois cavalry in command of Captain Ford, and two pieces of the First Minnesota Battery.

The Fifteenth Michigan was stationed at Chewalla, as an outpost, having been there several days. On the evening of September 30th, their picket line was fired upon and driven in by an unknown number of Johnnies, who appeared to be organized and advancing towards Corinth. On our arrival near Chewalla we found the Michigan boys badly broken up and with their camp equipage making for a more friendly country. At first we were enclined to be some what surprised at them for being in so much of a hurry to move from that locality. At this time it was supposed by our command that it was nothing more than a stragling band of bush whackers, which were frequently prowling around our outposts. The Michigan boys insisted, however, that they were ready to remain with us, and that we would have all the fun we



wanted in the morning, if not before. It was now about sundown, and about half a mile from Chewalla, and about a mile from where they had encamped. We were ordered to halt for the night and put out a strong picket line in advance. We then placed the two pieces of artillery in the roadway, and formed our line to the right and left of the road.

During the night our pickets could very plainly hear what seemed to be artillery and wagons moving, and in the distance see what appeared to be lights from camp fires. We could not estimate the enemy's strength. It did not, however, seem possible that an army of any great importance was in that vicinity, as but a few days before, the only rebel army that was known to be in Mississippi, had, under Price, been badly whipped at Iuka. Still all indications very clearly showed that there was an army in force in our front.

The country around was rolling and covered with considerable timber, with occasionally an opening where small corn, cotton and sweet potato fields were cultivated, this being the general character of the country for several miles around Corinth.

Our men on picket were very vigilant and every man was prepared for any emergency.

At early dawn, Thursday, October 2d, this being my nineteenth birthday, it looked as though it was to be celebrated. The enemy began their advance and as their skirmish line moved up our picket line was reinforced and a good skirmish line thrown out, but as the Johnnies advanced and showed up a formidable line, our boys began to fall back. It was not policy





to bring on an engagement, but to make them cautiously feel their way. We, however, continued to fall back, as their line was much stronger than ours, and unless we fell back they would pass our flanks on the right and left. From the time that they made their appearance in the early morning, our line continued a bold front and contested every foot of ground. We did not bring our artillery into prominent action, fearing that with our little command, not over seven hundred strong, we might bring on more trouble than we could care for. By sundown we had fallen back to within three miles of Corinth, here we halted for the night, or to move further back if the Johnnies should advance and require our moving. Nearly our whole command was on picket duty all night, those that were not laid on their arms. As soon as daylight made its appearance the enemy began their advance. Our skirmish line made a determined effort to hold our position with a view of developing if possible their strength. In our immediate rear there was a swamp, Cane Creek running through the center, our command was obliged to fall back by the roadway, as the swamp was impassable. In crossing the bridge one of our cannon became disabled and before we could cross the Johnnies came up the roadway in strong force, the cannon was spiked and left. It was now about seven o'clock, a bright October morning, everything now indicated that some thing must soon be done or we would be driven into Corinth.

The army under Rosencrans, who was in command of the forces, was, it appeared, quietly resting in their camps in and around the town and, it seemed,





knew nothing about the approaching enemy, which consisted of the combined divisions of Van Dorn, Price, Bowen, Villepuegue, Rust and Armstrong, Van Dorn in command of the united forces.

Having passed the swamp, our skirmish line again deployed to the right and left of the road and slowly fell back across the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, about half a mile to a wooded ridge. Orders now came from Rosecrans, it being about ten o'clock A. M., after Oliver having repeatedly sent him dispatches that the enemy were advancing on Corinth in force, however, he did not appear to credit Oliver's reports and was slow to believe the facts, and the order to hold the ridge at all hazards indicated that he had come to the conclusion that we were contending with more than, as he supposed, a hand full of bush whackers.

At the ridge we formed our line of battle to the right and left of the road with our artillery in the roadway. Another brigade now came out and formed on our left flank. Our skirmish line was doing some fine work, but were soon driven in, and, with additional strength, was sent out again, but was quickly driven back and reported the enemy massing their columns along the railroad and to the right and left of the wagon road in our front. The time had now come when some fighting must be done if we attempted to hold the ridge. Our skirmish line held them back as long as they could, but their line kept advancing in good shape. We were now ordered to lay down in an old rifle pit thrown up by Beauriguard in the spring before he evacuated Corinth. It would have been far better



had that ditch never existed, as it was below the brow of the ridge and proved to be a death trap for our regiment, it being on the side facing the enemy, when within a short distance, not over one hundred and fifty yards, they started on the double quick, our boys fired volley after volley into their ranks. Our artillery, the First Minnesota Battery, an additional section of the battery having re-inforced us at the ridge, opened out effectively with grape and cannister. They met with a heavy loss and were forced to fall back, but soon reformed and re-inforced, and made another desperate charge up the ridge, the Twenty-second Mississippi in the advance and immediately in front of the Fourteenth Wisconsin, their loss at this point was over five hundred in killed and wounded. Bowen's brigade of Lovell's division was in our immediate front. The support on our right and left now having fallen back, we were forced to yield the rifle pit, but before falling back from the ridge our regiment lost in killed, wounded and taken prisoners, nearly one half of our number.

On October 1st, before leaving camp an extra strong detail for grand guard duty had been made from our regiment, which left us only 225 men in line on the morning of October 3d. Our loss was as follows: killed, 27; wounded, 51; prisoners, 21; Total, 99. The entire loss of the brigade was killed, 45; wounded, 108; missing, 38; Total, 191. Which clearly shows that the Fourteenth was in the thickest of the fight.

The contest at the ridge lasted some forty minutes. Our color bearers and the entire color guard

The first of these was the discovery of gold in California in 1848. This discovery led to a great influx of people to California, and the state became a great center of population. The second was the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Colorado, and the state became a great center of population. The third was the discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Nevada, and the state became a great center of population. The fourth was the discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Idaho, and the state became a great center of population. The fifth was the discovery of gold in Montana in 1862. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Montana, and the state became a great center of population. The sixth was the discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Wyoming, and the state became a great center of population. The seventh was the discovery of gold in Utah in 1871. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Utah, and the state became a great center of population. The eighth was the discovery of gold in Arizona in 1876. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Arizona, and the state became a great center of population. The ninth was the discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1878. This discovery led to a great influx of people to New Mexico, and the state became a great center of population. The tenth was the discovery of gold in Texas in 1880. This discovery led to a great influx of people to Texas, and the state became a great center of population.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848 led to a great influx of people to California, and the state became a great center of population. The discovery of gold in Colorado in 1859 led to a great influx of people to Colorado, and the state became a great center of population. The discovery of gold in Nevada in 1859 led to a great influx of people to Nevada, and the state became a great center of population. The discovery of gold in Idaho in 1860 led to a great influx of people to Idaho, and the state became a great center of population. The discovery of gold in Montana in 1862 led to a great influx of people to Montana, and the state became a great center of population. The discovery of gold in Wyoming in 1869 led to a great influx of people to Wyoming, and the state became a great center of population. The discovery of gold in Utah in 1871 led to a great influx of people to Utah, and the state became a great center of population. The discovery of gold in Arizona in 1876 led to a great influx of people to Arizona, and the state became a great center of population. The discovery of gold in New Mexico in 1878 led to a great influx of people to New Mexico, and the state became a great center of population. The discovery of gold in Texas in 1880 led to a great influx of people to Texas, and the state became a great center of population.



were either killed or wounded. For a moment it was supposed that our colors were lost, but they were saved, though badly riddled with minnie balls.

We fell back from the ridge, leaving our dead and wounded in the enemy's hands. It was at this point that Sergeant Major Johnnie Read came up with a supply of much needed ammunition and deliberately walked into the rebel ranks. Poor Read, a noble and brave soldier, since gone to the silent camping grounds.

We had not fallen back but a short distance until we met McArthur's brigade of our, McKean's, Sixth Division. As we passed through their line and reformed we began to realize how badly we had been cut up and that the greater part of the regiment was either dead wounded or prisoners in the enemy's hands.

Had Oliver's command not made the brave and determined stand it did, and held the enemy in check, enabling our troops in and around Corinth to be brought out in line of battle, the results of the battle would have been different than what it was. There was no question of doubt but that the character of the advancing enemy was unknown to Resecrans, though he had had from Oliver two days notice, and the information was repeatedly sent to him. The rebel forces, according to Van Dorn's report, were twenty-eight thousand well armed and in good shape.

The Fifteenth Michigan and the Fourteenth and Eighteenth Wisconsin were highly complimented in General Orders.

Some of our boys who were taken prisoners saw the reports of the battle in a Mississippi paper, in



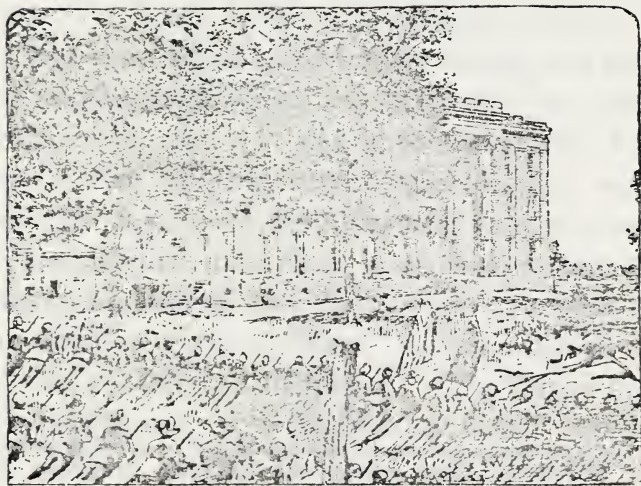


which the statement was made that even the Fourteenth Wisconsin, that had never turned its back to the foe had to succumb to the valor of the Twenty-second Mississippi. That may be conceded, but not until our support had entirely given way, and the enemy were past our right and left flanks. It was at the ridge where General McArthur rode up and saw our regiment under fire, since which time he has ever been a strong admirer of our regiment, and never lost an opportunity to bestow upon us all that could be said of soldiers, and in all our future campaigns he was a strong friend of our regiment. Compliments from so brave and able a general as McArthur was, were such as we may well feel proud of.

What was left of our little command was not in a very good shape for the rest of the third day of October. Soon the fighting took place along the entire line and our army was pressed back, and night found our troops all hugging close around Corinth, and our regiment in line on the northwest side of the city.

During the night the enemy located their artillery close up to our lines and before daylight opened out in fine shape, throwing their shells mostly over our lines into Corinth. Our boys being completely worn out, paid very little attention to the shells, and escaped any loss from this artillery fire. As soon as it was light the rattle of musketry began. They were flushed with success from the previous day and opened up bravely. We now lay in line a little to the right of the Chewalla road. A little before sunrise we moved to the left, to the southwest of Corinth, and close up to the Corona College building, our regi





THE FOURTEENTH WISCONSIN IN LINE AT CORONA  
COLLEGE, OCTOBER 4TH.



ment laying immediately between that building and the Tishemingo House, which was at the crossing of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad and the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Our line at this time was the reserve line and did not get into action that day. The main battle was fought over to our right where we had moved from in the morning, the hardest fighting was done on the Chewalla road at a point half or three-quarters of a mile from the Tishemingo House.

The most fierce assault made during the day was on Fort Robinett, which was located to our right on the Chewalla road. It was at this point that Colonel Rogers, with his celebrated Texas brigade, made his desperate charge up the Chewalla road and planted his flag on Robinet. Here brave Rogers fell. The charge was made in full view of our regiment, about four hundred yards distant. It was a grand sight, and one never to be forgotten. The Texas brigade was slaughtered. Litterally cut to pieces. Over one-half of their number lay dead and wounded in the ditch around Robinet.

A part of their line, further to the right, made a desperate charge and broke through our lines, they were, however, nearly all taken prisoners and the charge was repulsed. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon and practically ended the battle.

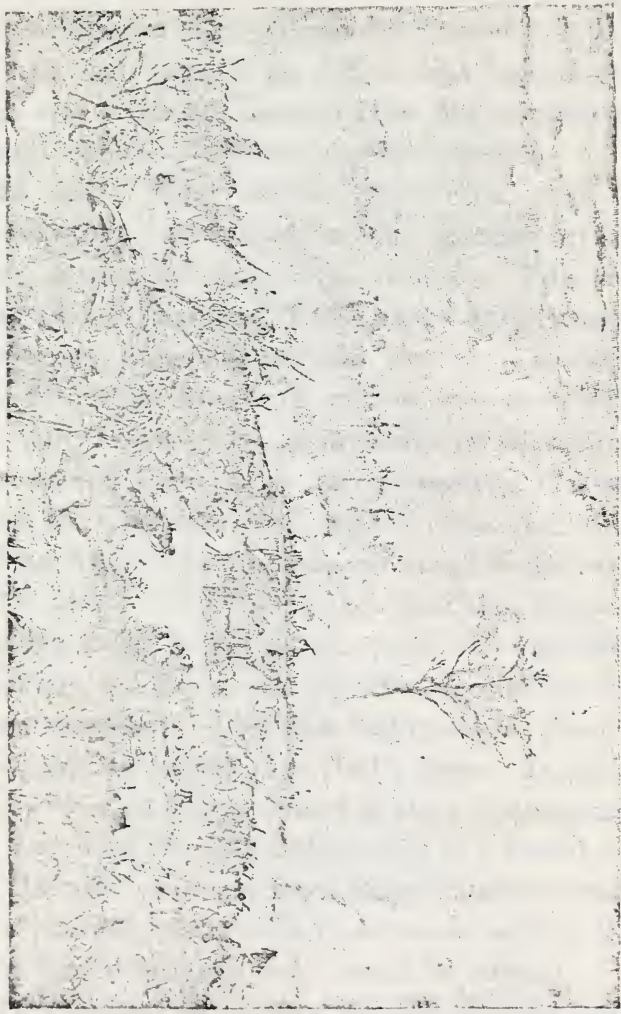
We had gained a complete victory, their lines had been repulsed at every point with great loss, and in a demoralized condition began their retreat, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

From all the reports that I have been able to gather, our total strength was less than fifteen thou-









CHARGE OF ROGER'S TEXAS BRIGADE ON FORT ROBINETT.



sand. On the first day, the third of October, we did not have ten thousand men in line of battle. We were outnumbered more than two to one in the fight. The only advantage we had was a small line of rifle pits, which had been thrown up a few days before, that gave our men a partial cover. This line of rifle pits surrounded the town and was our last defense.

Soon after their retreat, Rosecrans, with his staff, rode along the entire line and halting at each regiment, announced the great victory. This was taken up with a cheer, and all felt happy at the results.

A pursuit was ordered, and the next morning, October 5th, with five days rations, we were after them. Our division, now in command of McArthur, McKean having been placed in command of Corinth, going out the Chewalla road and over that part of the battle field where we had made our stand on the morning of the third. As we passed the ridge where so many of our brave boys fell, the sight was appalling, and until now we did not know who were killed; and who were wounded. The dead nearly all lay close to the road, and we passed directly by them. In nearly every case they had been robbed of their clothing and, having been dead two days, they were in a horrid condition. Details were sent from each company to mark as far as possible, cards with their names, so that they might be identified when they should be buried.

A little further on, as we passed the swamp before referred to, we there found the most of our wounded, where they had been taken and cared for by the enemy as best they could. The ambulance corps was soon brought up and the wounded taken to Corinth. We



1757937

TISHEMINGO HOTEL AND RAILROAD DEPOT.







passed on without halting. Details were sent out from the regiment to look for our lost comrades.

After marching some five miles we were halted for about three hours. We heard cannonading and the distant sound of musketry, but could not positively determine in which direction the firing was, whether in front, rear or on our flanks, but believed it to be in our front, and from the way the Generals and their staffs were hustling, first one way and then another, I don't think they were any better posted than the rank and file. The boys generally understood the situation pretty well. No army was ever marshalled to battle that had the intelligence that our volunteer army possessed, and we generally knew what was going on. Frequently we were better posted than our commanders were. While laying in the road way, anxious to move on to the front, we were positive that there was where the battle was being fought, which proved to be a fact. General Grant had sent General Hurlbert round from Jackson with his division, and he had intercepted Van Dorn's fleeing army at the Hatchie River and there was giving them battle, whipping them and driving them back toward Corinth. They came back some two miles and took another road for the south. During this fighting at the Hatchie, had our command been moved forward, not over two miles, we would have reached the forks of the road and headed them off, and there is no question of doubt but that Van Dorn's entire army would have been captured, as the country on either side was rough and they could not have stood another battle.

After it was too late and Van Dorn had gotten out



of reach we moved on and continued the pursuit some forty miles, to Riply, Mississippi, where we halted for a rest, and were then marched back to Corinth, arriving at our old camp October 13th, our cavalry pursuing the enemy some miles further south.

In the retreat the enemy in their flight smashed their wagons, and we found them scattered along the route. A great many prisoners were taken in the pursuit, and many stands of small arms, which had been thrown down along the road way.

Soon after our return to Corinth, our division under McArthur, was, with other troops, ordered to join Grant, who had started for a grand move through central Mississippi, expecting to unite with Sherman, who had gone down the Mississippi River to Vicksburg. This central Mississippi campaign was a long and tedious one. We went a few miles south of Oxford, and were only about four days march from Vicksburg. Now, disaster comes. Colonel Murphy, of the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry, had been left in command at Holly Springs, where we had accumulated a large amount of supplies and ammunition, and held the place as our base of supplies. Forrest comes along and makes an attack, Murphy makes no defence, and Holly Springs is lost and our supplies all destroyed. Grant orders the column to about face, and we march north. To say that our troops were disgusted would not do justice to our case. Had Murphy, with his ample command, have done his duty and fought Forrest, our army would have formed the junction with Sherman and Vicksburg would have then fallen an easy prey. We marched on, day after day, and



reached Memphis, arriving there in a snow storm, for that climate, cold and disagreeable.

After a few days delay, we took transports, down the Mississippi River to Lake Providence, a few miles above Vicksburg. At this point and at points further down the river, Grant was concentrating his forces for the final move on Vicksburg, a campaign in which the Fourteenth Wisconsin took an active part, being assigned to that famous brigade under General Ransom, McArthur's, Sixth Division, McPherson's, Seventeenth Army Corps.

I now leave the glorious old regiment in camp on the banks of Lake Providence, near McPherson's headquarters. Let the campaign and seige of Vicksburg be prepared for our next reunion.





## EXTRACTS FROM REPORTS.

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Major General Rosecrans in his official report on the battle of Corinth, reports the enemy's loss as follows: Officers and men killed, 1,423; wounded, 5,692; captured, prisoners, 2,268; stands of colors, 14; pieces of artillery, 2; stands small arms, 3,300; a large lot of ammunition and accrutements. Our loss: killed, 315; wounded, 1,812; prisoners and missing, 232.

---

General John McKean in his official report, dated October 30, 1862, speaking of our brigade, says: "Of Colonel Oliver, commanding Second Brigade, which received the first attack of the enemy is entitled to great credit, charged with one of the most embarrassing duties that could be entrusted to an officer, that of opposing with energy the advance of an enemy, and yet retiring slowly when overpowered with overwhelming numbers, was a task involving a tax at the same time upon his judgment, skill and bravery. A veteran could not have done better or accomplished more."

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Extract from General John McArthur's official report, dated Corinth, October 15th, 1862. though at



the time of the battle he was not in command of the division, then commanding only a brigade of our division. In his report, says: "I would also call the attention of the General commanding to the efficient services rendered by Colonel Oliver's brigade, in their persevering efforts to check the enemy's advance, harassing and delaying their attack, thereby gaining time and putting the enemy's already exhausted commissary supplies to a severe test."

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Colonel J. M. Oliver, commanding Second Brigade, Sixth Division, in his report, to the General commanding Sixth Division, Thomas J. McKean, dated October 13th, 1862, speaking of the Fourteenth Wisconsin, reports as follows:

"Colonel Hancock and his regiment, the Fourteenth Wisconsin Volunteers, there was no discount on, always steady, cool and vigorous, this regiment was the one to rely upon in any emergency, though suffering more than any regiment in the command. they maintained their lines and delivered their fire with all the coolness and precision which could have been maintained upon drill.

"To the Second Brigade of your division is the honor due of checking the advance of the rebel host for a whole day, and by their bitter fight on Friday forenoon enabling other commands to take their positions, forcing the enemy to that point which destroyed their morals and changed a fine army, flushed with the anticipation of a speedy victory, into a flying, disorganized mob, wild with defeat and frantic with terror.



"I desire also to call your attention to the death of Captain Vaughn of the Fourteenth Wisconsin, who fell at the end of the old line of the enemy's rifle pits, nobly supported by Captain Harrison of the same regiment, they steadily held the line of skirmishers on right and in our front at the foot of the ridge where we had the fierce fight on the Friday morning, October 3d.

"Captain Harrison lost a leg, Captain Vaughn gave his life for his country. First Lieutenant Samuel A. Tinkham, Company B, Fourteenth Wisconsin, promoted for meritorious conduct at Shiloh, at the same time deserves honorable mention for his services. Captain Asa Worden, Company B, and First Lieutenant E. B. Ferris, Company A, also of the Fourteenth Wisconsin, particularly distinguished for their coolness and bravery, were wounded while in the active discharge of their duties."

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Extract from Major General Earl Van Dorn's official report on the battle of Corinth, dated Holly Springs, Mississippi, October 20th, 1862, says:

"I had a reasonable hope of success. My strength was over twenty-eight thousand effective men. Rosecrans did not have over fifteen thousand, with perhaps less than eight thousand additional men guarding out posts from twelve to twenty miles distant from Corinth. I might surprise him and carry the place before these troops could be brought in. My troops were in fine spirits and the whole army of West Tennessee seemed eager for the campaign. No army



The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and that its history is a history of growth and development. The second is the fact that the United States is a large nation, and that its history is a history of expansion and conquest. The third is the fact that the United States is a diverse nation, and that its history is a history of conflict and compromise. The fourth is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and that its history is a history of assimilation and integration.

The fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of pioneers, and that its history is a history of exploration and discovery. The sixth is the fact that the United States is a nation of inventors, and that its history is a history of innovation and progress. The seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of leaders, and that its history is a history of vision and leadership. The eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of heroes, and that its history is a history of courage and sacrifice. The ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of dreamers, and that its history is a history of hope and aspiration. The tenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of believers, and that its history is a history of faith and conviction.

The eleventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of workers, and that its history is a history of labor and industry. The twelfth is the fact that the United States is a nation of farmers, and that its history is a history of agriculture and food. The thirteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of soldiers, and that its history is a history of war and peace. The fourteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of scientists, and that its history is a history of knowledge and discovery. The fifteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of artists, and that its history is a history of culture and creativity. The sixteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of entrepreneurs, and that its history is a history of business and commerce. The seventeenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of leaders, and that its history is a history of vision and leadership. The eighteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of heroes, and that its history is a history of courage and sacrifice. The nineteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of dreamers, and that its history is a history of hope and aspiration. The twentieth is the fact that the United States is a nation of believers, and that its history is a history of faith and conviction.



ever marched to battle with prouder steps, or more hopeful countenance or with more courage than marched the army of West Tennessee out of Ripley on the morning of September 29th on its way to Corinth."

Van Dorn concludes his report by saying:

"The attempt at Corinth has failed, and in consequence I am condemned and have been superseded. In my zeal for my country I may have ventured to far with inadequate means, and I bow to the opinion of the people whom I serve. Yet, I feel that if the spirits of the gallant dead who now lie beneath the batteries of Corinth see and judge the motives of men they do not rebuke me, for there is no sting in my conscience, nor does retrospection admonish me of error or of reckless disregard of their valued lives."

"I can not refrain, however, from mentioning here the conspicuous gallantry of a noble Texan, whose deeds at Corinth are the constant theme of both friend and foes; as long as courage, manliness, fortitude, patriotism and honor exists, the name of Rogers will be revered and honored among men. . He fell in the front of battle, and died beneath the colors of his regiment, in the very center of the enemy's stronghold. He sleeps, and glory is his sentinel."

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Extract from Major General Sterling Price's official report, dated Holly Springs, October 20th, 1862, on the battle of Corinth, says:

"The history of this war contains no bloodier page than that which will record this fiercely contested



battle, the strongest expressions fall short of my admiration of the gallant conduct of the officers and men under my command. Words can not add luster to the fame they have acquired through deeds of noble daring which living through future time, will shed about every man, officer and soldier, who stood to his arms through this struggle a halo of glory as imperishable as it is brilliant. They have won to their sisters and daughters the distinguished honor set before them by a General of their love and admiration upon the eve of an impending battle upon the same field, of the proud exclamation: 'my brother, father, was at the great battle of Corinth.' "





W. H. TUCKER,

National Commander, Union Veteran Legion, 1893.

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